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#1

THE ODD SQUAD



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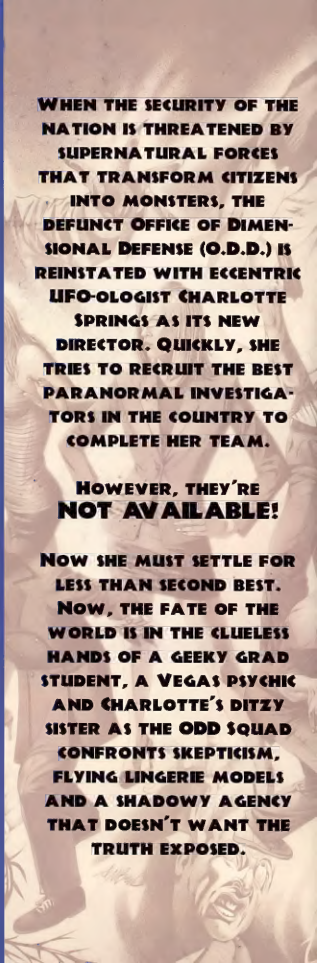
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WHEN THE SECURITY OF THE NATION IS THREATENED BY SUPERNATURAL FORCES THAT TRANSFORM CITIZENS INTO MONSTERS, THE DEFUNCT OFFICE OF DIMENSIONAL DEFENSE (O.D.D.) IS REINSTATED WITH ECCENTRIC LIFO-OLOGIST CHARLOTTE SPRINGS AS ITS NEW DIRECTOR. QUICKLY, SHE TRIES TO RECRUIT THE BEST PARANORMAL INVESTIGATORS IN THE COUNTRY TO COMPLETE HER TEAM.

HOWEVER, THEY'RE NOT AVAILABLE!

NOW SHE MUST SETTLE FOR LESS THAN SECOND BEST. NOW, THE FATE OF THE WORLD IS IN THE CLUELESS HANDS OF A GEEKY GRAD STUDENT, A VEGAS PSYCHIC AND CHARLOTTE'S DITZY SISTER AS THE ODD SQUAD CONFRONTS SKEPTICISM, FLYING LINGERIE MODELS AND A SHADOWY AGENCY THAT DOESN'T WANT THE TRUTH EXPOSED.



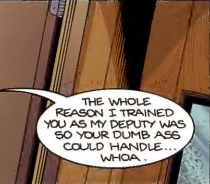
CROOKED RIVER, OREGON.



SHERIFF!
YOU REALLY BETTER
GET OUT HERE. WE
HAVE A BIT OF A
SITUATION.



DAMMIT,
TOM!! I GET TEN
FLIPPIN' MINUTES
A DAY TO MY-
SELF!




THE WHOLE
REASON I TRAINED
YOU AS MY DEPUTY WAS
SO YOUR DUMB ASS
COULD HANDLE...
WHOA.




TOM,
YOU HAVE MY
APOLOGIES.




OKAY,
EASY SON.
YOU DON'T WANT
TO DO ANYTHING
YOU MIGHT
REGRET.




OTHER THAN POINTING
A WEAPON AT A POLICEMAN?




EXACTLY. IF YOU'RE NOT
CAREFUL, YOU COULD BE
LOCKED AWAY FOR THE
REST OF YOUR LIFE.




THAT'S
PRECISELY WHAT
I WANT, SHERIFF.



I ASKED
YOUR DEPUTY NICELY TO
SECURE ME BEHIND BARS, BUT HE
DIDN'T TAKE ME SERIOUSLY, SO I HAD
TO RESORT TO MORE DRASTIC
MEASURES.



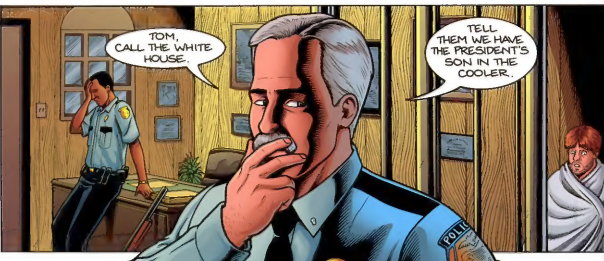
WHY
WOULD
ANYONE WANT
TO BE PUT IN JAIL?



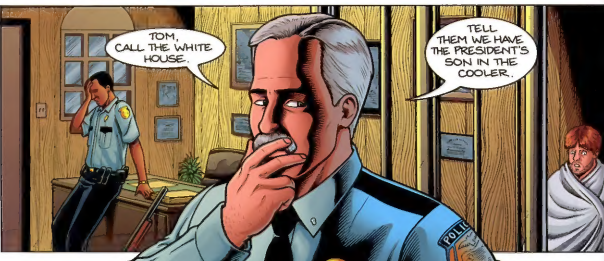
AT NIGHT, I TURN INTO A WILD
ANIMAL. I TRANSFORM! AND DO
... WHO KNOWS WHAT!? I DON'T
REMEMBER IN THE MORNING. I
CAN'T BE TRUSTED! AND IT'S ALMOST
DARK NOW! THAT'S WHY YOU NEED
TO LOCK ME UP!!



OKAY,
OKAY.



TOM,
CALL THE WHITE
HOUSE.



TELL
THEM WE HAVE
THE PRESIDENT'S
SON IN THE
COOLER.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW, DR. SPRINGS?"

"JUST TELL ME ABOUT THE STRANGE LIGHTS YOU SAW, LEIGH."

NOVA
COMMUNITY COL
FAIRFAX, VIRGIN

YOU'RE GONNA THINK I'M NUTS.

I DON'T USE THAT TERM HERE. UNLESS, OF COURSE, I'M REFERRING TO ACTUAL NUTS. THEN I JUST CALL THEM "FATTENING."

BUT NUTS HAVE THE GOOD KIND OF FAT.

OH, TELL ME ABOUT IT! SOOOOO GOOD.

GREAT. NOW I'M HUNGRY.

YOU DO LOT OF UFO INVESTIGATIN' FOR THE COLLEGE?

ACTUALLY, IN THE EVENING I TEACH CLASSES HERE. IT'S KIND OF, WELL... MY JOB. MY PARA-NORMAL RESEARCH IS FOR MY OWN BENEFIT. MORE LIKE MY DAY JOB.

I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE TWO JOBS. WHAT DO YOU DO TO UNWIND?

I TRY TO PISS OFF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.

CHARLOTTE SPRINGS, I'M AGENT FRANK FLOOD WITH THE FBI. COME WITH ME, PLEASE.

WELL, CONGRATULATIONS. IT LOOKS LIKE YOU FINALLY SUCCEEDED.

ISN'T IT GREAT THAT WE FINALLY GET TOGETHER FACE-TO-FACE, FRANK FLOOD?

I WORK IN WASHINGTON, DC, MA'AM. I GET TO MEET CRAZY PEOPLE EVERY DAY.

IT'S JUST THAT AFTER ALL THE "CEASE AND DESIST" LETTERS RUBBER STAMPED WITH YOUR SIGNATURE, I FEEL LIKE WE'RE OLD FRIENDS.

DON'T TOUCH ME, PLEASE.

OH MY GOD, I JUST TOTALLY HAD A PROM FLASHBACK. MY PROM DATE WAS GAY. STILL IS, I GUESS -- I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HIGH SCHOOL. HEY, CAN YOU USE YOUR CONTACTS TO CHECK ON THAT FOR ME?

I'D PREFER IT IF YOU DIDN'T TALK TO ME EITHER.

I LIKE YOUR NAME: FRANK FLOOD. IT'S VERY ALLITERATIVE IN A NATURAL DISASTER KIND OF WAY. OH, PLEASE TELL ME YOU WORK WITH ERNIE EARTHQUAKE AND TOMMY TORNADO! LET ME GUESS -- YOUR PARTNER HERE IS MICHAEL MUDSLIDE?

YOU'RE STILL TALKING TO ME.

NO HANDCUFFS? AREN'T YOU AFRAID I'M GOING TO ESCAPE?

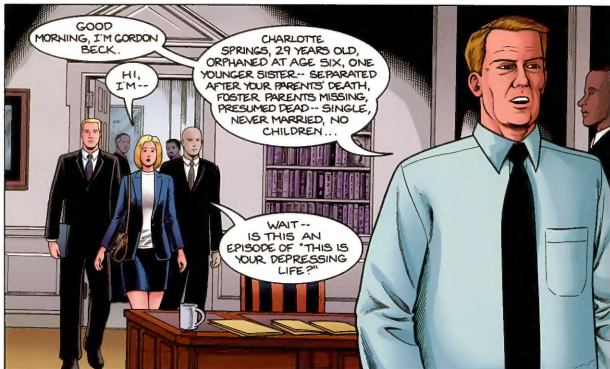
YOU'RE NOT UNDER ARREST.

SO, THIS ISN'T ABOUT MY FREEDOM OF INFORMATION DEMANDS FOR DOCUMENTS ON THE PARANORMAL AND EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL INCIDENTS I'VE INVESTIGATED?

OH-- IT IS.

I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO TAKE YOU TO THE CHIEF OF STAFF.

HE'S NOT A GHOST OR AN ALIEN OR ANYTHING, BUT TRY TO GIVE HIM YOUR FULL ATTENTION ANYWAY.

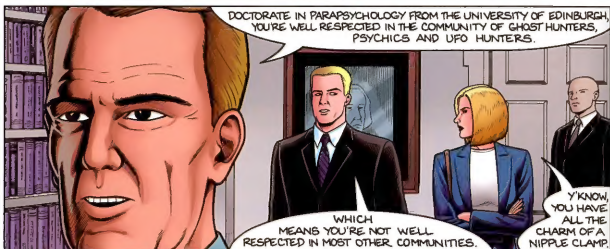


GOOD MORNING, I'M GORDON BECK.

HI, I'M--

CHARLOTTE SPRINGS, 29 YEARS OLD, ORPHANED AT AGE SIX, ONE YOUNGER SISTER-- SEPARATED AFTER YOUR PARENTS' DEATH, FOSTER PARENTS MISSING, PRESUMED DEAD-- SINGLE, NEVER MARRIED, NO CHILDREN...

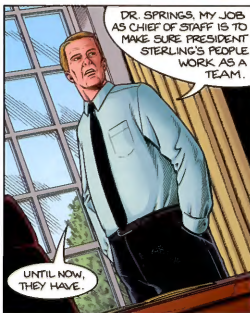
WAIT-- IS THIS AN EPISODE OF "THIS IS YOUR DEPRESSING LIFE?"



DOCTORATE IN PARAPSYCHOLOGY FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, YOU'RE WELL RESPECTED IN THE COMMUNITY OF GHOST HUNTERS, PSYCHICS AND UFO HUNTERS.

WHICH MEANS YOU'RE NOT WELL RESPECTED IN MOST OTHER COMMUNITIES.

Y'KNOW, YOU HAVE ALL THE CHARM OF A NIPPLE CLAMP.



DR. SPRINGS, MY JOB AS CHIEF OF STAFF IS TO MAKE SURE PRESIDENT STERLING'S PEOPLE WORK AS A TEAM.

UNTIL NOW, THEY HAVE.



THE PRESIDENT HAS A... PERSONAL MATTER THAT IS AFFECTING HIS POLITICAL DECISIONS. HE HAS ASKED ME TO OFFER YOU A JOB, WHICH, FOR YOUR OWN GOOD AND THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY, I WANT YOU TO TURN DOWN.

ALTHOUGH WE ALL APPRECIATED YOUR FATHER'S SERVICE AS THE HEAD OF O.D.D., YOUR UNAUTHORIZED CONTINUATION OF HIS WORK IS BOTH ILL-ADVISED AND ILLEGAL.

LARS WASN'T MY FATHER.

BUT WE WANT TO BE FAIR. YOU'VE COMMITTED...

TWENTY-EIGHT.

...TWENTY-EIGHT INDICABLE OFFENSES WE ARE WILLING TO FORGET IF YOU PLAY BALL.

CHARLOTTE SPRINGS!

MR. PRESIDENT!

SORRY, GORDON!

I HEARD YOU WERE HERE, CHARLOTTE! JUST WANTED TO WELCOME YOU ABOARD AND SAY THANKS FOR HELPING!

UH...

YOU KNOW AGENT FLOOD HERE?

OH, WE'RE BFFs, SIR.

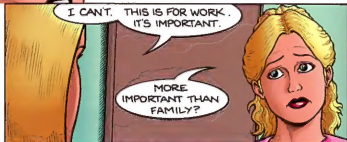
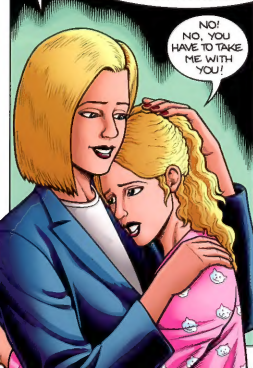
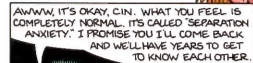
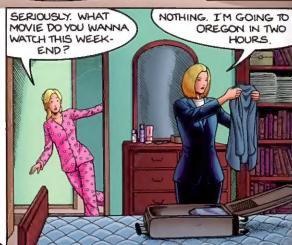
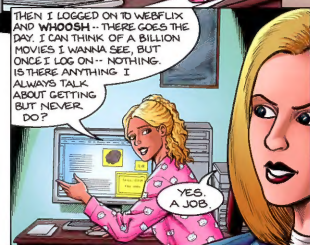
EXCELLENT. HE'S A GOOD MAN.

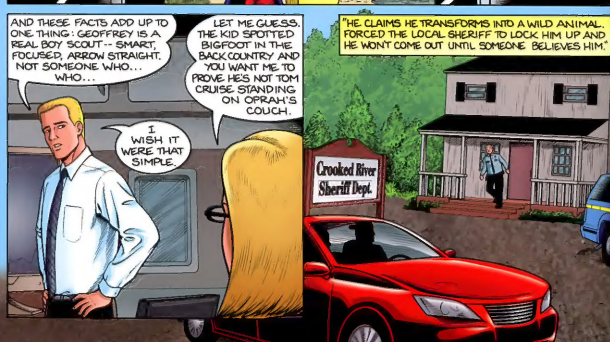
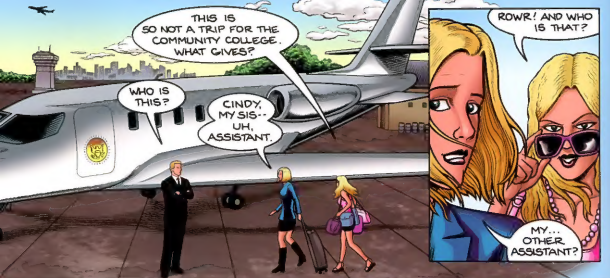
HE'S GOING TO BE WORKING UNDER YOU, BUT HE'S PROBABLY ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT. ANYTHING YOU NEED -- ASK GORDON!

WELL, GORDON, I GUESS I'LL TAKE THE JOB. WHAT IS IT?

THE PRESIDENT HAS REINSTATED THE O.D.D. AND...

AND WANTS TO PUT YOU IN CHARGE.





SHERIFF, I'M AGENT FLOOD, THIS IS AGENT SPRINGS, THE EXPERT I TOLD YOU ABOUT.

I'M CINDY.

BOY, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU! MAYBE YOU CAN TALK SOME SENSE INTO THE GUY.

HE'S RIGHT IN --

HEY! WHERE'D HE GO?!

UM... HE PROBABLY WENT OUT THAT BIG HOLE THERE DUH.

SOMEONE SPRUNG HIM!

NO. WOOD SHAVINGS. HE HACKED HIS WAY OUT FROM THE INSIDE.

HUH? I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T PAYING ATTENTION TO MY BRIEFING.

PUT AN APB OUT FOR HIS DESCRIPTION, BUT NO ID. WE WANT TO KEEP THIS QUIET.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO ADD THAT HE'S COVERED WITH FUR AND TRAVELING ON ALL FOURS

WHY WOULD A MAN WHO INSISTED ON BEING LOCKED UP WANT TO ESCAPE?

FOR THE THRILLS. HE SEEMS LIKE A TOTAL ADRENALINE JUNKIE.

IT'S CALLED "MULTI-TASKING"

ARE YOU CRAZY?

YOU'LL FIND THAT THIS ISN'T HUMAN HAIR. FURTHERMORE, I BELIEVE HE CHEWED HIS WAY OUT OF THE CELL.

WITH HIS TEETH?

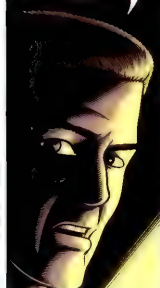
DO YOU KNOW ANOTHER WAY? BY THE SIZE OF THE BITE RADIUS, I WOULD SAY THIS WAS NO ORDINARY JAILBREAK -- THIS WALL WAS GNAWED!



IN THE SHERIFF'S REPORT, STERLING CLAIMS HE WAS ATTACKED IN THIS AREA.

WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU HOPE TO LEARN OUT HERE?


MAYBE THE ANSWER TO WHY I'M MISSING THE HITMEN FOR THIS.



YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT STERLING ACTUALLY TURNED INTO AN ANIMAL, DO YOU? HE USED SOME SORT OF SHIV TO HACK HIS WAY OUT OF THAT CELL AND THE HAIR MUST HAVE COME OFF HIS COAT COLLAR.

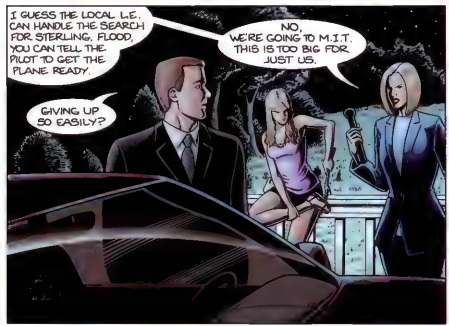


CULTURES THROUGHOUT HISTORY FROM THE CHINESE TO THE NATIVE AMERICANS DETAIL NUMEROUS ACCOUNTS OF SHAPE-SHIFTING.



BUT I DON'T SEE ANY EVIDENCE OF RITUAL MAGIC AND WE DON'T HAVE THE EQUIPMENT TO TEST FOR ETHERIC ENERGY. IF WE ONLY KNEW WHAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT OF THE ATTACK.

I KNOW!
THAT'S THE NIGHT I WAS STANDING IN WAY LESS MUD, AS A FOOT-NOTE, I WAS ALSO NOT FREEZING.



I GUESS THE LOCAL L.E. CAN HANDLE THE SEARCH FOR STERLING. FLOOD, YOU CAN TELL THE PILOT TO GET THE PLANE READY.

NO, WE'RE GOING TO M.I.T. THIS IS TOO BIG FOR JUST US.

GIVING UP SO EASILY?

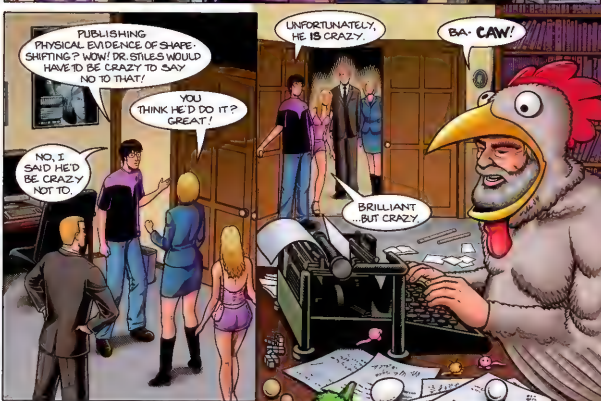
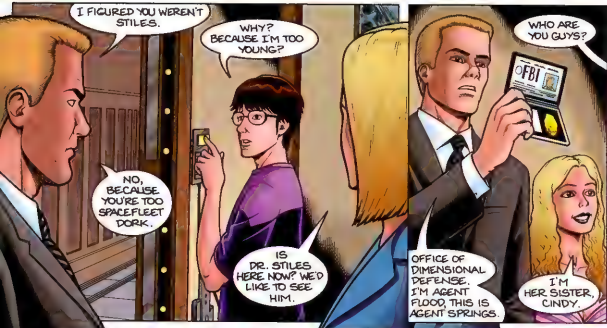


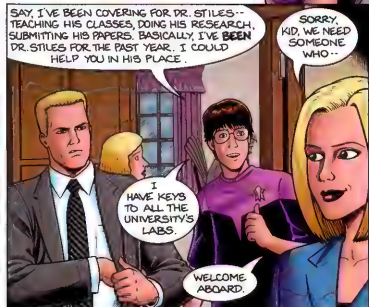
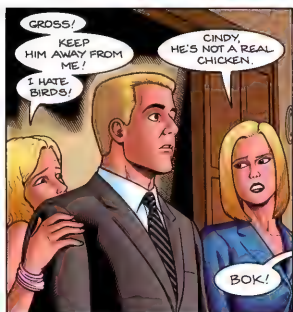
I NEED A TEAM.

MASSACHUSETTS
INSTITUTE OF
TECHNOLOGY,
CAMBRIDGE

"DR. NOAH STILES WAS A COLLEAGUE OF MY FOSTER FATHER. HE UNDERSTANDS PARA-SCIENCE AND THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE. THE WAY MOST PEOPLE KNOW HOW TO BREATHE OR MOCK BRITNEY SPEARS."







SHERIFF,
THIS IS TOM, I'VE
FOUND...
...SOMETHING
BY THE RIVER.

IS IT
STERLING? IS
HE OKAY?

NO IT'S
A, UM,
FEMALE
LADY.

I CAN
BARELY HEAR YOU OVER
THAT BUZZING. THE RECEPTION
ON THIS RADIO IS TERRIBLE.

NO SIR,
THE RADIO IS
FINE.
IT'S
THE LADY THAT'S
BUZZING.

SO, BOOK
HER ON A DRUNK
IN PUBLIC, STICK HER
IN THE CRUISER AND GET BACK
OUT THERE TO FIND STERLING.

SHE'S NOT
DRUNK, SIR.
SHE'S JUST...

...BUZZING.

TOM,
WHAT THE HELL ARE
YOU TALKING ABOUT?

...SHE'S GOT
WINGS.

VEGAS, BABY!

SO, WHAT IS THIS OFFICE OF DIMENSIONAL DEFENSE ANYWAY?

A LOAD OF CRAP.

IT WAS STARTED IN THE EARLY 1900'S BY TEDDY ROOSEVELT.



"HE WANTED TO SEE IF SOME TURN OF THE CENTURY 'SCIENCES' COULD BE A THREAT TO THE UNITED STATES. MAGNETISM, PHRENOLOGY, MYSTICISM-- THEY NEVER TURNED ANYTHING UP, OF COURSE."

"O.D.D. WAS MARGINALIZED UNTIL ROSWELL, AND YES, ALIENS DID CRASH THERE IN 1947. O.D.D. HAD A NEW MISSION TO INVESTIGATE UFOS AND PROTECT AMERICA FROM INVASION."



"BY THE TIME MY FOSTER FATHER, LARS ORWELL, WAS PUT IN CHARGE, THE CIA AND OTHER GOVERNMENT AGENCIES HAD TAKEN OVER O.D.D.'S DUTIES FOR SO CALLED 'NATIONAL SECURITY REASONS'. WHEN LARS AND MY FOSTER MOTHER DISAPPEARED FOURTEEN YEARS AGO, THE GOVERNMENT SHUT THE AGENCY DOWN."

SO THAT'S WHY YOU'RE INTERESTED IN UFOS.

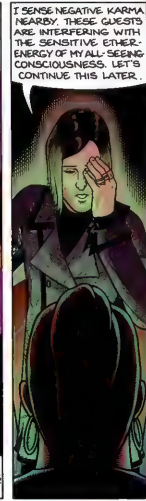
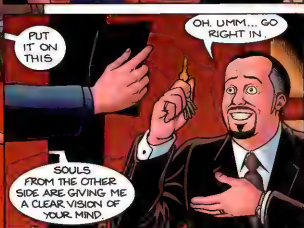
WELL... PARTLY.

OOOO, LET'S GO TO THE CASTLEY HOTEL!

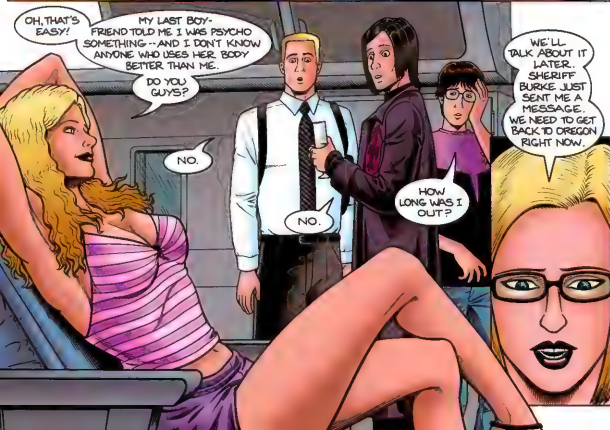
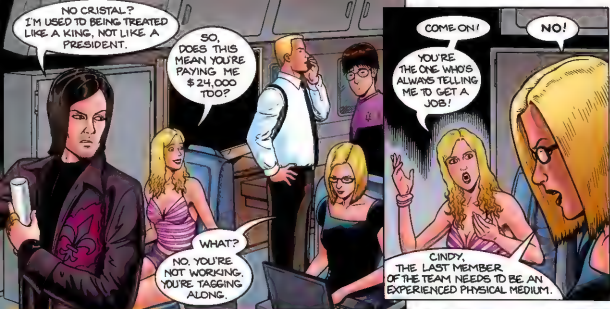
MAYBE LATER ...

APPEARING TONIGHT
CHRISTOPHER APOLLO

"WE'RE HERE TO RECRUIT THE WORLD'S GREATEST MENTAL MEDIUM."









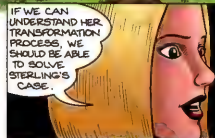
TOM
FOUND THE WINGED WOMAN
AROUND THE SAME AREA. THAT
STERLING SAID HE WAS
ATTACKED.

SOUNDS LIKE
A POSSIBLE
LOCALIZED
TEMPORAL
PHENOMENON,
POTENTIALLY
ORGANIC IN
NATURE.

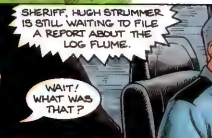


I'M SENSING
THE SAME
THING.

OH,
SHUT UP.



IF WE CAN
UNDERSTAND HER
TRANSFORMATION
PROCESS, WE
SHOULD BE ABLE
TO SOLVE
STERLING'S CASE.

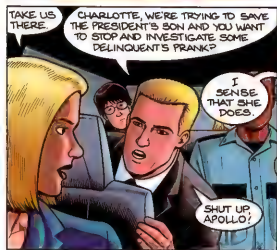


SHERIFF, HUGH STRUMMER
IS STILL WAITING TO FILE
A REPORT ABOUT THE
LOG FLUME.

WAIT!
WHAT WAS
THAT?



OH, THE SOGGYTIME
WATER PARK WAS
VANDALIZED
LAST NIGHT.



TAKE US
THERE.

CHARLOTTE, WE'RE TRYING TO SAVE
THE PRESIDENT'S SON AND YOU WANT
TO STOP AND INVESTIGATE SOME
DELINQUENT'S PRANK?

I
SENSE
THAT SHE
DOES.

SHUT UP,
APOLLO!



SOGGYTIME WATER PARK.

LET'S LOOK
INSIDE.

INSIDE?
IT'S A PILE OF
LOGS.

WRONG.
A DAM IS A
HOME.



THIS MUST HAVE BEEN DONE BY GIANT BEAVERS. YOU KNOW,
THE LARGEST RECORDED BEAVER WEIGHED IN AT OVER
A HUNDRED POUNDS, BUT THAT WAS IN THE 1920'S.

IF IT'S STILL
ALIVE IT PROBABLY CAN'T
DO MUCH MORE THAN WATCH
MATLOCK.

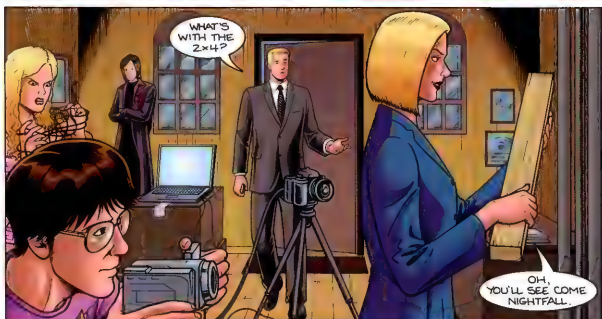
IT'S HIM!
IT'S STERLING!



HE'S ALIVE, BUT HE'S
DE-CONSCIOUS AND HAS
BEEN, UH... DE-CLOTHED
AGAIN.

TOM, ADDING
"DE" IN FRONT OF
WORDS DOESN'T MAKE
THEM SOUND MORE
OFFICIAL.

SORRY, SHERIFF.
IT'S A HABIT I
PICKED UP WHEN
I WORKED FOR
THE AIRLINES.





AAAAAA-
AAAAAHH!!



AAAA-
AAAAAAA
AAAAHH!!!

THAT BOY
SURE DOES
LIKE TO GET
NEKKID.



AAAHH!

AAA
AAAAH!!
AAH!!



UUUGG!!



OH, MY
GOD. HE...
HE'S...



NEXT: WERE-BE-AVER? THERE, BE-AVER!

THE X-FILES MEETS GHOSTBUSTERS IN THIS
HILARIOUS SCI-FI COMEDY!

THE ODD SQUADTM

**FROM INVISIBLE
HAND STUDIOS**

(Creators of Urban Monsters and Serpe)

**AND EXECUTIVE
PRODUCER
VIN DI BONA!**

Written by
**NICK CAPETANAKIS
& TODD LIVINGSTON**

Illustrated by
BRENDON & BRIAN FRAM

**ISSUE 2 • 2 COVERS
32 PGS • OCTOBER**



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